

Hymnals
A
S E L E C T I O N
O F
H Y M N S,
USED IN THE
C H A P E L
O F T H E
L O C K P E N I T E N T I A R Y,
D O R S E T - S T R E E T.

D U B L I N :

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M.DCC.XCIV.

✠ *The Collections at the Lock Chapel are appropriated to the use of the Charity.—Worship begins on Sundays at Twelve o'Clock, and at Half past Five in the Evening.—A Lecture on Tuesday and Friday Evenings at Half past Six o'Clock.*

*Applications for Seats, &c. to be made to the Chaplain,
No. 9, College.*



A
S E L E C T I O N

O F
H Y M N S, &c.

H Y M N I.

- 1 BELOVED Saviour, faithful friend,
The joy of all thy cross's train;
In mercy to our aid descend,
Or else we worship thee in vain!
- 2 In vain we meet to sing and pray,
If Christ his influence withhold:
Our hearts remain as cold as clay,
Till we our God by faith behold.
- 3 Then let us feel thy healing beams,
And view thy reconciled face;
Yea, prove thy presence in these means
To bless a vile and helpless race.

- 4 Here manifest thyself in peace ;
Thy faithful mercies now make known :
Oh ! breathe on us a gale of grace ;
And send the promised blessing down !
- 5 We gladly for thy coming wait,
Seeking to know thee as thou art ;
We bow as sinners at thy feet,
And bid thee welcome to our heart.

H Y M N II.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne :
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus :
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

H Y M N III.

1 **T**O God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will present his saints
Unblemish'd and compleat,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the *chosen* seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known,

5 To our *redeeming* God,
Wisdom and pow'r belongs;
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs!

H Y M N IV.

1 **T**HE God of Abrah'm praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Antient of everlasting days,
And God of love;

JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM!

By earth and heav'n confest;
I bow and blest the sacred Name,
For ever blest.

2 The God of Abrah'm praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise—and seek the joys
At his right-hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and pow'r;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tow'r.

3 The God of Abrah'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all my ways:
He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Thro' Jesu's blood!

4 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall, on eagle's wings up-borne,
To heav'n ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his pow'r adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace,
For evermore.

H Y M N V.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise :
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
 Through every land, by every tongue.
- 1 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
 Eternal truth attends thy word ;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise, and set no more.

H Y M N VI.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
 Know that the Lord is God alone,
 He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay and form'd us men :
 And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to his fold again.
- 2 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heavens our voices raise ;
 And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,
 Vast as eternity thy love ;
 Firm as a rock thy truth will stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

H Y M N VII.

- 1 **G**RATEFUL notes and numbers bring,
While Jehovah's praise we sing,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord,
Be thy glorious name ador'd.
- 2 Men on earth, and saints above,
Sing the great Redeemer's love;
Lord thy mercies never fail,
Hail, celestial goodness hail.
- 3 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
Our humble hallelujah's hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When with saints we stand and sing.
- 4 Lead us to that blissful state,
Where thou reign'st supremely great,
Look with pity from thy throne,
And send thy holy Spirit down.
- 5 Whilst on earth ordain'd to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way;
'Till we come to reign with thee,
And all thy glorious greatness see.
- 6 Then with angels we'll again,
Wake a louder louder strain;
Then in joyful songs of praise,
We'll our grateful voices raise.

- 7 There no tongue shall silent be,
There all shall join sweet harmony:
Then thro' Heaven's all spacious round,
Thy praise, O God shall ever sound.

Lord thy mercies never fail,
Hail, celestial goodness hail.

H Y M N VIII.

- 1 **G**LORY be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man is given,
Man, the well-belov'd of heaven.
- 2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all and numberless.
- 3 Hail! by all thy works ador'd,
Hail! thou everlasting Lord;
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
Lord of power, and God of love.
- 4 Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ, the Father's only Son:
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of rebellious man!

H Y M N IX.

- 1 COME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing!
Tune mine heart to sing thy grace!
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—Oh fix us on it,
Mount of God's *unchanging* love!
- 3 Here I raise mine *Ebenezer*;
Hither by thine help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
- 4 Jesus fought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.
- 5 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
- 6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love.
Here's mine heart, O take and seal it!
Seal it from thy courts above!

H Y M N X.

- 1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines !
How high thy wonders rise !
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand thro' the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power ;
Their motions speak thy skill :
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.
- 3 But, when we view thy great design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion shine
In their divinest forms :
- 4 Here the whole Deity is known ;
Nor dares a creature guess,
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.
- 5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains ;
Bright seraphs chaunt Immanuel's name,
And bring their choicest strains.
- 6 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song !
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

H Y M N XI.

- 1 **T**O our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
O may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune ev'ry heart and tongue!
- 2 His love what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.
- 3 Jesus! he left his throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die:—
Was ever love like this!
- 4 O Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee:
May ev'ry heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour dy'd for me!"
- 5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill ev'ry heart and tongue!
Till strangers love the Saviour's name,
And join the sacred song.

H Y M N XII.

- 1 **N**OW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's name:
Ye who Jesu's kindness prove,
Triumph in Redeeming Love.

- 2 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove.
Cancell'd by Redeeming Love.
- 3 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste Redeeming Love.
- 4 Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but Redeeming Love.
- 5 When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord's Redeeming Love.
- 6 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise Redeeming Love.

H Y M N XIII.

- 1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound,
What pleasure to our ears!
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

C H O R U S.

*Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever ;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer !
Hallelujah ! praise the Lord.*

- 2 Salvation ! Let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound. *Glory, &c.*
- 3 Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb :
To thee the praise belongs :
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues. *Glory, &c.*

H Y M N XIV.

- 1 REJOICE, the Lord is King ;
Your Lord and King adore :
Mortals give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say rejoice.
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love :
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above.
Lift up your hearts, &c.

- 3 He all our foes shall quell,
And fatan's works destroy;
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy.
Lift up your hearts, &c.
- 4 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Saviour given.
Lift up your hearts, &c.
- 5 He sits at God's right-hand
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet.
Lift up your hearts, &c.
- 6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his pilgrims up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

H Y M N XV.

- 1 FATHER of our dying Lord,
Remember us for good
O fulfil his faithful word,
And hear his speaking blood!

Give us that for which he prays;
 Father, glorify thy Son;
 Shew his truth, and pow'r, and grace,
 And send the promise down.

2 True and faithful Witness, thou,
 O Christ, the Spirit give!
 Hast thou not receiv'd him now,
 That we might now receive?
 Art thou not our living Head?
 Life to all thy limbs impart:
 Shed thy love, thy Spirit shed,
 In ev'ry waiting heart.

3 Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
 The gift of Jesus, come:
 Glows our heart to find thee near,
 And swells to make thee room;
 Present with us thee we feel,
 Come, O come, and in us be!
 With us, in us, live and dwell
 To all eternity.

H Y M N XVI.

1 JESUS, thou art our king,
 To me thy succour bring;
 Christ, the mighty one art thou,
 Help for all on thee is laid:
 This the word, I claim it now,
 Send me now the promis'd aid

- 2 High on thy Father's throne,
 O look with pity down ;
Help, O help ! attend my call,
 Captive lead captivity :
King of glory, Lord of all,
 Christ, be Lord, be King to me.
- 3 I pant to feel thy sway,
 And only thee t' obey :
Thee my spirit gasps to meet ;
 This my one my ceaseless pray'r ;
Make, O make my heart thy seat !
 O set up thy kingdom there !
- 4 Triumph and reign in me,
 And spread thy victory :
Hell, and death, and sin controul,
 Pride, and wrath, and ev'ry foe.
All subdued : through all my soul
 Conqu'ring and to conquer go !

H Y M N XVII.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
 Let thy bright beams arise ;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
 The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Cheer our desponding hearts
 With visitations sweet ;
Give us to lie, with humble hope,
 At our Redeemer's feet.

- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 4 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesu's blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 5 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
T'illuminate the soul;
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

H Y M N XVIII.

- 1 **GUIDE** us, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrims, through this barren land;
We are weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold us with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven, &c.
Feed us till we want no more.
- 2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain
Whence the healing waters flow,
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead us all our journey through:
Strong deliverer, &c.
Be thou still our strength and shield.

- 3 When we tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid our anxious fears subside ;
 Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
 Land us safe on Canaan's side :
 Songs of praises, &c.
 We will ever give to thee.

H Y M N XIX.

- 1 **H**OLY Lamb, who thee receive,
 Who in thee begin to live ;
 Day and night they cry to thee,
 As thou art, so let us be.
- 2 Fix, O ! fix each wavering mind,
 To thy cross our spirits bind ;
 Earthly passions far remove,
 Swallow up our souls in love !
- 3 Dust and ashes though we be,
 Full of guilt and misery ;
 Thine we are, thou Son of God,
 Take the purchase of thy blood.
- 4 Boundless wisdom, power divine,
 Love unspeakable are thine ;
 Praise by all to thee be given,
 Sons of earth and hosts of heaven.

H Y M N XX.

- 1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high;
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide:
 O receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge I have none:
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone:
 Still support and comfort me:
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
 All mine help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name:
 I am all unrighteousness:
 Vile and full of sin I am:
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin :
 Let the healing streams abound ;
 Make, and keep me pure within :
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee :
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

H Y M N XXI.

- 1 **H**OW sad our state by nature is,
 Our sin how deep it stains !
 And Satan binds our captive souls
 Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
 Sounds from God's sacred word ;
 Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,
 And trust upon the Lord.
- 3 O may we hear th' almighty call
 And run to this relief !
 We would believe thy promise, Lord,
 O help our unbelief !
- 4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
 Teach us, O Lord, to fly ;
 There may we wash our spotted souls
 From crimes of deepest dye !

- 5 Stretch out thine arm victorious Lord
Our reigning sins subdue ;
Make every heart thy kingdoms feat,
And form our souls anew
- 6 Poor, guilty, weak, and helpless worms,
Into thine hands we fall ;
Be thou our strength and righteousness,
Our Saviour and our all !

H Y M N XXII.

- 1 O COME, thou wounded Lamb of God,
Come wash us in thy cleansing blood ;
Give us to know thy love, then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain,
- 2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but thee :
Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd near thy bleeding side !
Who life and strength from thee derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live !
- 4 How can it be thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst man to glory bring !
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown !

- 5 Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues, to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.
- 6 First-born of many brethren thou,
To thee both earth and heaven must bow!
Help us, to thee our all to give:
Thine may we die! thine may we live!

H Y M N XXIII.

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 3 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day,
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood,
Shall never lose its pow'r,
'Till all the ransom'd church of God,
Be sav'd to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be 'till I die.

- 5 Then in a nobler sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy pow'r to save;
 When this poor lisping stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

H Y M N XXIV.

- 1 **F**OR ever here my rest shall be,
 Close to thy bleeding side;
 This all my hope, and all my plea,
 For me the Saviour dy'd!
- 2 My dying Saviour and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
 And cleanse, and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and seal me thus thine own:
 Wash me, and mine thou art;
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,
 My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve;
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

H Y M N XXV.

- 1 **H**ARK! the herald angels sing,
 Glory to the new-born King!
 Peace on earth and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconcil'd

- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the heavenly host proclaim,
" Christ is born in Bethlehem !"
- 3 Christ, by highest heaven ador'd
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
- 4 Mild, he lays his glory by,
Born, that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
- 5 Come, desire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conquering seed
Bruise in us the serpent's head.
- 6 Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place;
Second Adam from above,
Prove thyself the God of love.

H Y M N XXVI.

- 1 **BEHOLD** the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for me !

- 2 Hark, how he groans ! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend !
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid,
" Receive my soul," he cries !
See, where he bows his sacred head !
He bows his head and dies.
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine :
O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine !

H Y M N XXVII.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross
On which the Prince of glory dy'd,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God :
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands and feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my heart, my life, my all.

H Y M N XXVIII.

- 1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Wou'd he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in;
When Christ the mighty maker dy'd,
For man the creature's sin!
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
O help me so to do!

H Y M N. XXIX.

- 1 FROM Salem's gate advancing flow,
What object meets my eyes?
What means this majesty of woe?
What mean these mingled cries?
- 2 Who can it be that groans beneath
A pond'rous cross of wood;
Whose soul's o'erwhelm'd in pains of death,
And body's bath'd in blood?
- 3 Is this the man, can this be he,
The prophets have foretold,
Should with transgressors number'd be,
And for their crimes be sold?
- 4 Yes, now I know 'tis He, 'tis He,
E'en Jesus, God's dear Son;
Wrapt in mortality to die
For crimes that I have done.
- 5 O! blessed sight, O! lovely form,
To sinful souls like me!
I'll creep beside him as a worm
And see Him die for me.
- 6 I'll hear his groans and view his wounds
Until with happy *John*,
I on his breast a place have found
Sweetly to lean upon.

H Y M N XXX.

1 **H**E dies! the friend of sinners dies!
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
 A solemn darkness veils the skies!
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
 Come, faints, and drop a tear or two
 For him who groan'd beneath your load;
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood!

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of Glory dies for man!
 But lo! what sudden joys we see;
 Jesus the dead revives again!
 The rising God forsakes his tomb,
 The tomb in vain forbids his rise!
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies!

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high our great Deliverer reigns!
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster, Death, in chains!
 Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King,
 Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
 Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?
 And where's thy victory, boasting grave!"

H Y M N XXXI.

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Saviour is gone up on high :
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay ;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 3 Loose all your massy bars of light,
And wide unfold th' etherial scene ;
He claims those mansions as his right,
Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 Who is the King of Glory, who ?
The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame ;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay ;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 6 Who is the King of Glory, who ?
The Lord of glorious power posselt :
The king of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest !

H Y M N XXXII.

- 1 GRANTED is the Saviour's prayer,
Now descends the comforter ;
Brings his sayings to our mind :
Heavenly teacher of mankind !
- 2 Come, divine and peaceful *Guest*,
Enter now our waiting breast ;
Holy Ghost, each heart inspire,
Kindle there the Gospel fire.
- 3 Now descend and shake the earth,
Wake us into second birth ;
Now thy quick'ning influence give,
Breath ; and these dry bones shall live !
- 4 Brood thou o'er our nature's night,
Darkness kindles into light ;
Spread thine overshadowing wings,
Order from confusion springs.
- 5 Pain and sin, and sorrow cease,
Thee we taste and all is peace ;
Joy divine in thee we prove,
Light of truth and fire of love.

H Y M N XXXIII.

- 1 **L**O! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train;
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him
Rob'd in awful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see.
- 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!
- 4 Now redemption long expected,
See! in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air!
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

- 5 Yea! Amen! let all adore thee,
 High on thine exalted throne!
 Saviour take the power and glory:
 Claim the kingdoms for thine own!
 O come quickly,
 Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

H Y M N XXXIV.

- 1 **H**E comes! he comes! the judge severe;
 The seventh trumpet speaks him near!
 His lightnings flash, his thunders roll,
 How welcome to the faithful soul!
- 2 From heaven angelic voices sound,
 Lo! the Almighty Jesus crown'd!
 Girt with omnipotence and grace,
 And glory decks the Saviour's face.
- 3 Descending on his azure throne,
 He claims the kingdoms for his own:
 The kingdoms all obey his word,
 And hail him their triumphant Lord.
- 4 Shout, all ye people of the sky,
 And all ye saints of the Most High:
 Our God, who now his right obtains,
 For ever, and for ever reigns.

H Y M N XXXV.

- 1 **A**WAKE our souls, away our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone:
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But Jesus is the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint,
- 3 From thee, the ever-flowing spring,
Believers drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength,
Will melt away, and droop, and die.
- 4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
O may we mount to thine abode!
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road!

H Y M N XXXVI.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove:
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above.

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course :
Fire ascending seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source :
Thus a soul new-born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ;
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon the Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies :
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchange'd for heaven.

H Y M N XXXVII.

- 1 HO ! ev'ry one that thirsts draw nigh,
('Tis God invites the fallen race,)
Mercy and free salvation buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.
- 2 Come, to the living waters, come,
Sinners obey your maker's voice,
Return ye weary wand'ers, home,
And in *redeeming love* rejoice.

- 3 See, from the rock a fountain rise !
For you in healing streams it rolls !
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring burthen'd, sin-sick souls.
- 4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give ;
Leave all ye have, and are, behind ;
Freely the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !
- 2 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace ;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face :
The year of jubilee, &c.
- 3 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Hath full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mourning souls, be glad ;
The year of jubilee, &c.

- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
Secure in Jesus dwell,
And on his fulness live:
The year of jubilee, &c.
- 5 Extol the Lamb of God,
The great atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee, &c.

H Y M N XXXIX.

- 1 SINNERS, obey the gospel-word!
Haste to the supper of your Lord:
Be wise to know your gracious day!
All things are ready; come away:
- 2 Ready the father is to own
And kiss his late returning son;
Ready the loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the spirit of his love
Awaits, the stony heart to move;
To sprinkle the atoning blood,
And wash, and seal you sons of God.

- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate :
With harps of gold, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 Come then, ye finners, to your Lord,
To happiness in Christ restor'd ;
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

H Y M N XL.

- 1 **C**OME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.
- 2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas :
- 3 This awful God is ours,
Our God of boundless love ;
He will send down his heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us above.
- 4 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

H Y M N XLI.

- 1 O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin :
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford :
And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 4 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just :
Yet view me, Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 5 Then will I teach the world thy ways,
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace :
I'll point them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.
- 6 O may thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

H Y M N XLII.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

H Y M N XLIII.

- 1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
 Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows,
 I see from far thy beauteous light,
 And inly sigh for thy repose :
 My heart is pain'd nor can it be
 At rest, till it find rest in thee.
- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
 That strives with thee my heart to share ?
 Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone
 The Lord of every motion there !
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 When it has found repose in thee.
- 3 O hide this self from me, that I
 No more, but Christ in me may live :
 My vile affections crucify,
 Nor let one darling lust survive.
 In all things nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee !
- 4 O Love ! thy sovereign aid impart,
 To save me from low-thoughted care ;
 Chase this self-will thro' all my heart,
 Thro' all its latent mazes there :
 Make me thy duteous child, that I
 Ceaseless may, Abba, Father, cry.

- 5 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
“ I am thy Lord, thy God, thy all ! ”
To feel thy pow’r, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice !

H Y M N XLIV.

- 1 O Love divine, how sweet thou art !
When shall I find my willing heart,
All taken up by thee ?
When shall my thirsting spirit prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me !
- 2 Stronger his love than death or hell ;
Its riches are unsearchable :
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see !
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God ;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart !
For love I sigh, for love I pine :
This only portion, Lord, be mine !
Be mine this better part !

- 4 O that I could for ever sit
 With Mary at the Master's feet !
 Be this my happy choice :
 My only care, delight, and bliss,
 My joy, my heav'n on earth be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice !
- 5 O that I could, with favour'd John,
 Recline my weary head upon
 The dear Redeemer's breast !
 From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
 Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
 My everlasting rest !

H Y M N XLV.

- 1 NOW to the Lamb, that once was slain,
 Be endless blessings paid ;
 Salvation, glory, joy remain
 For ever on thy head.
- 2 Thou hast redeem'd us by thy blood,
 And set the prisoners free ;
 Hast made us kings and priests to God,
 And we shall reign with thee.

H Y M N XLVI.

- 1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
 Behold a royal feast !
 Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
 For ev'ry welcome guest.

- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms ;
He calls, he bids you come :
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;
But see, there yet is room.
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet ;
Nor will He bid the foul depart,
That trembles at his feet.
- 4 In Him the Father, reconcil'd,
Invites the soul to come ;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.
- 5 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love ;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
- 6 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In extasies unknown.
- 7 Ten thousand times ten thousand more
Are welcome still to come ;
Ye longing souls the grace adore ;
Approach, there yet is room.

H Y M N XLVII.

- 1 COME, weary souls with sins distressed,
Come, and accept the promis'd rest ;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load ;
O come, and spread your woes abroad ;
Divine compassion, mighty love
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes,
Pardon and life, and endless peace ;
How rich the gift ! how free the grace !
- 4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart ;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 5 Yes Saviour ! let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;
And sweetly influence ev'ry breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

H Y M N XLVIII.

- 1 MY Saviour, thou didst shed
Thy precious blood for me ;
O dwell within my worthless heart,
And let me live to thee.

- 2 Thou callest me, O Lord,
To come to thee and live;
I therefore come with all my sins,
I know thou canst forgive.
- 3 My Saviour and my Lord!
I long to see thy face;
To know thee more and more by faith,
And daily grow in grace.
- 4 And when this life is o'er,
O may I dwell with Thee,
Still worshipping the blessed Lamb,
Who liv'd and dy'd for me.

H Y M N XLIX.

- 1 **F**LOW fast my tears; the cause is great;
This tribute claims an injur'd friend:
One whom I long pursu'd with hate,
And yet He lov'd me to the end.
When death his terrors round me spread,
And aim'd his arrows at my head.
Christ interpos'd, the wound He bore;
And bade the monster dare no more.
- 2 Fast flow my tears, yet faster flow,
Stream copious as yon purple tide,
'Twas I that dealt the deadly blow,
I urg'd the hand that pierc'd his side.

Keen pangs and agonizing smart
 Oppress his soul, and rend his heart ;
 Whilst justice, arm'd with Pow'r Divine,
 Pours on his head what's due to mine.

- 3 Fast and yet faster flow my tears,
 Love breaks the heart, and drains the eyes;
 His visage marr'd, tow'rds heaven He rears,
 And, pleading for his murd'rer dies !
 My grief nor measure knows nor end,
 'Till He appears the sinner's friend ;
 And gives me, in a happy hour,
 To feel the risen Saviour's pow'r.

H Y M N L.

- 1 JESU! Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
 The weary sinner's friend ;
 Come to my help, pronounce the word,
 And bid my troubles end.
- 2 Thy pow'rful spirit can subdue
 Unconquerable sin :
 Cleanse this foul heart, and make it new,
 And write thy law within.
- 3 Bound down, with twice ten thousand ties,
 Yet let me hear thy call ;
 My soul in confidence shall rise,
 Shall rise, and break thro' all.

- 4 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine,
 Thou canst victorious prove;
 For everlasting strength is thine,
 And everlasting love.

H Y M N L I.

- 1 WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
 And smiling day once more appears,
 Then my Redeemer, then I find,
 The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 Strait I upbraid my wand'ring heart,
 And blush that I shou'd ever be
 So prone to act so base a part,
 And harbour one hard thought of Thee.
- 3 O let me then at length be taught,
 What still I am so slow to learn,
 That God is *love*, and *changes not*,
 Nor knows the *shadow* of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat,
 But when my faith is sharply try'd,
 I find myself a learner yet,
 Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But Oh! my Lord, one look from Thee
 Subdues the disobedient will,
 Drives doubt, and discontent away,
 And thy rebellious worm is still.

- 6 Thou art as willing to forgive,
 As I am ready to repine;
 Thou therefore all the praise receive,
 Be shame, and self-abhorrence mine.

H Y M N LII.

- 1 **H**APPY soul, that free from harms,
 Rests within his Shepherd's arms!
 Who his quiet shall molest?
 Who shall violate his rest?
 Jesus doth his spirit bear,
 Jesus takes his ev'ry care:
 He who found the wand'ring sheep,
 Jesus! still delights to keep.
- 2 O that I might so believe,
 Stedfastly to Jesus cleave;
 On his only love rely,
 Smile at the destroyer nigh;
 Free from sin and servile fear,
 Have my Saviour ever near;
 All his care rejoice to prove,
 All his paradise of love.
- 3 Jesus, seek thy wand'ring sheep,
 Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
 Take on thee my ev'ry care;
 Bear me, on thy bosom bear.

Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
 More and more in thee rejoice;
 More and more of thee receive,
 Ever in thy spirit live:

- 4 Live, till all thy life I know,
 Perfect in my Lord below;
 Gladly then from earth remove,
 Gather'd to the fold above:
 O that I at my last may stand
 With the sheep at thy right hand;
 Take the crown so freely given;
 Enter in by thee to heav'n.

H Y M N LIII.

- 1 **MY** God, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades if thou appear,
 My dawning is begun;
 Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
 And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 If Jesus shews his mercy mine,
 And whispers I am his.

- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conq'ror through.

H Y M N LIV.

- 1 SWEET is the work, O God, our King !
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing ;
To shew thy love by morning light,
And tell of all thy truth by night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest:
Drive earthly care from every breast ;
And let our hearts in tune be found.
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 Our hearts shall triumph in thee, Lord,
And bless thy work, and bless thy word :
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
- 4 O, may we see, and hear, and know,
What mortals cannot reach below !
May all our powers find sweet employ
In Christ's eternal world of joy !

H Y M N LV.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, who reigns above,
 And keeps his courts below ;
 Praise the holy God of love ;
 And all his greatness shew.
 Praise Him for his noble deeds,
 Praise Him for his matchless pow'r :
 Him from whom all good proceeds,
 Let earth and heav'n adore.
- 2 Publish, spread to all around
 The great Immanuel's name :
 Let the gospel trumpet's sound,
 Him Prince of peace proclaim :
 Praise Him, ev'ry tuneful string,
 All the reach of heav'nly art ;
 All the pow'rs of music bring,
 The music of the heart.
- 3 Him in whom they move and live
 Let ev'ry creature sing :
 Glory to our Saviour give,
 And homage to our King.
 Hallow'd be his name beneath,
 As in Heav'n on earth ador'd :
 Praise the Lord in ev'ry breath ;
 Let all things praise the Lord !

H Y M N LVI.

- 1 I'LL praise my Saviour while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure!
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.
- 4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death, &c.

H Y M N LVII.

- 1 WE give immortal praise,
To God the Father's love;
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above.

He sent his own
Eternal Son,
To die for sins
That man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal Glory too,
Who bought us with his blood,
From everlasting woe.
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name,
Immortal worship give;
Whose new creating pow'r
Makes the dead sinner live.
His work compleats
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.

H Y M N LVIII.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!

To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

- 2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To *Zion's* hill.

- 3 They go from strength to strength
Thro' this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

- 4 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door
Than shine in courts.

- 5 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow
On *Jacob's* race
Peculiar grace
And Glory too.
- 6 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no Good with-holds
From those his heart approves,
From poor and contrite souls:
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

H Y M N LIX.

- 1 **L**IGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come! and now thy self revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
- 2 The new heaven's and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise!
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring eye-sight on our eyes!

- 3 Still we wait for thine appearing,
Life and joy thy beams impart;
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart:
- 4 Come, and manifest the favour
Thou hast for the ransom'd race:
So shall we exalted Saviour,
Sing the wonders of thy grace.

H Y M N LX.

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
- 2 Jesus! thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry longing heart!
- 3 Breathe, O breathe, thy loving spirit,
Into ev'ry troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd rest.
- 4 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us now thy life receive!
Suddenly return, and never
Never more thy temples leave!

- 5 Thee we would be always blessing
Serve thee as thy hosts above ;
Pray and praise thee without ceasing,
Triumph in Redeeming Love !
- 6 Chang'd from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place ;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise !

H Y M N LXI.

- 1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host
Let thy will on earth be done ;
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n.
- 2 If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive :
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.
- 3 Take my soul and body's pow'rs ;
Take my mem'ry, mind, and will ;
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel ;
All I think, or speak, or do :
Take my heart ; but make it new !

- 4 Now, O God, thine own I am !
 Now I give thee back thine own ;
 Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
 Consecrate to thee alone :
 Thine I live, thrice happy I ;
 Happier still if thine I die !

H Y M N LXII.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight
 Where saints immortal reign ;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-with'ring flow'rs :
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heav'nly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dress'd in living green :
 So to the *Jews* old *Canaan* stood,
 While *Jordan* roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
 To cross this narrow sea,
 And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.

- 5 Oh ! could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the *Canaan* that we love,
 With unbecclouded eyes !
- 6 Could we but climb where *Moses* stood,
 And view the landskip o'er,
 Not *Jordan's* stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

H Y M N LXIII.

- 1 COME, let us ascend,
 My companion and friend,
 To taste of the banquet above :
 If through mercy divine,
 For the Saviour we pine,
 Let us mount the blest'd chariot of love.
- 2 When in Christ we confide,
 We are bold to outride
 The storms of affliction beneath :
 With the prophet we soar
 To that heavenly shore,
 And outfly all the arrows of death.
- 3 By faith we are come
 To our permanent home,
 By hope we the rapture improve ;
 By love we still rise,
 And look down on the skies,
 For the heaven of heavens is love.

- 4 What a rapturous song,
When the glorify'd throng
In the spirit of harmony join!
Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts, voices, and lyres,
And the burden is mercy divine.
- 5 Hallelujah, they cry,
To the King of the sky,
To the great everlasting I Am;
To the Lamb that was slain,
And liveth again:
Hallelujah, to God and the Lamb!

H Y M N LXIV.

- 1 **H**ARK! in the wilderness a cry;
It shakes the mountains, rends the earth;
The King appears, behold Him nigh
The God by nature, man by birth.
- 2 Run to and fro, ye heralds run,
Proclaim aloud, prepare the way!
Redemption's glorious work's begun,
And who his potent arm shall stay!
- 3 Make straight the paths before his feet,
And ev'ry obstacle remove;
Drop down, ye hills, your cumb'rous weight,
And bow before *Redeeming Love*.

- 4 Then shall the lowly valley rise,
Its budding honours spring to view;
Swift the *Creating Fiat* flies,
And all is blisful, all is new.
- 5 Know'st thou the meaning, nature's child?
Know'st thou the import of the cry?
Thy heart's the desert waste and wild;
But lo! the kind *Reclaimer's* nigh.
- 6 Mountains of Unbelief and sin
Before him crumble into dust;
Thy humbl'd heart shall then begin
His all-restoring hand to trust.
- 7 By him exalted, know thy state,
A garden rich in fruit and flow'r;
Thy gracious Master's lov'd retreat,
The wonder of *Redeeming Pow'r*.

H Y M N LXV.

- 1 **H**OW do thy mercies close me round,
For ever be thy name ador'd!
I blush in all things to abound:
The servant is above his Lord!
- 2 Inur'd to poverty and pain,
A suff'ring life my master led;
The Son of God, the Son of Man,
He had not where to lay his head.

- 3 But lo! a place he hath prepar'd
 For me, whom watchful angels keep;
 Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
 He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.
- 4 Jesus protects; my fears be gone;
 What can the Rock of Ages move?
 Safe in thine arms I lay me down,
 Thine everlasting arms of love.
- 5 While thou art intimately nigh,
 Who, who shall violate my rest?
 Sin, earth, and hell, I now defy;
 I lean upon my Saviour's breast.
- 6 I rest beneath th' Almighty's shade,
 My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
 Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is staid,
 Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.
- 7 Me for thine own thou lov'st to take,
 In time and in eternity:
 Thou never, never wilt forsake
 A helpless worm that trusts in thee.

H Y M N LXVI.

- 1 SOURCE of light and pow'r divine,
 Deign upon thy truth to shine.
 Lord, behold thy servant stands;
 Lo! to Thee he lifts his hands:
 Satisfy his soul's desire;
 Touch his lip with holy fire,

- 2 Give him, Saviour! to proclaim
Free Salvation thro' thy name :
And thyself in peace appear,
Every drooping heart to cheer :
Present to each waiting soul,
Breathe thy spirit thro' the whole.

H Y M N LXVII.

- 1 **T**HOU God of power and God of love,
Whose glory fills the realms above,
Whose praise archangels sing ;
And veil their faces while they cry
“ Thrice-holy !” to their God most high
“ Thrice-holy !” to their King.
- 2 *We* too, poor worms of earth, would join
In work and worship so divine ;
O ! deign to bow thine ear :
And send a ray of heavenly light,
To dissipate our nature's night ;
And in our midst appear.
- 3 Thee as our God *we* too would claim ;
And bless the Saviour's precious name,
Thro' whom this grace is giv'n ;
Who bore the curse to sinners due,
And forms their ruin'd souls anew,
And makes them heirs of heav'n.
- 4 The veil that hides thy glory rend,
And *here* in saving power descend,

Here fix thy blest abode ;
Here to each heart thyself reveal,
 And all who enter cause to feel
 The presence of our God.

- 5 *Here* let thy Spirit's voice proclaim
 The glories of IMMANUEL's name ;—
 " The LORD in whom we live ;
 " GOD the REDEEMER ! strong to save
 " From sin, from satan, and the grave,
 " And waiting to forgive :"
- 6 The dead shall hear thy quick'ning voice ;
 And mourners in the sound rejoice,
 And learn celestial strains ;
 Hell shrink appal'd, and yield his prey,
 His captives hail the gospel day,
 And spring to burst their chains.
- 7 Touch with a living coal, O Lord !
 Their lips who shall proclaim thy word ;
 Fill them with zeal divine :
 Give them to glory in thy cross,
 To meet with joy reproach and loss
 And seek no praise but thine.
- 7 While earth and hell shall rage in vain,
Here let thy gospel firm remain,
 Thro' time's remotest days.
Thine is the pow'r, the work is *thine* ;
 And, O ! let all to *thee* assign
 The glory and the praise.

H Y M N LXVIII.

- 1 JESUS, at thy command,
 I launch into the deep :
 And leave my native land,
 Where sin lulls all asleep :
 For thee I would the world resign,
 And sail to heaven with thee and thine.
- 2 Thou art my pilot wise ;
 My compass is thy word :
 My soul each storm defies,
 While I have such a Lord !
 I trust thy faithfulness and power,
 To save me in the trying hour.
- 3 Tho' rocks and quicksands deep
 Thro' all my passage lie :
 Yet Christ will safely keep,
 And guide me with his eye.
 My anchor hope shall firm abide,
 And I each boisterous storm outride.
- 4 By faith I see the land,
 The port of endless rest :
 My soul, thy sails expand,
 And fly to Jesus' breast !
 O may I reach the heavenly shore,
 Where winds and waves distress no more ?
- 5 " When'er becalm'd I lie,
 " And all my storms subside ;
 " Then to my succour fly
 " And keep me near thy side.

For more the treacherous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

- 6 Come, holy Ghost, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace,
Waft me from all below,
To heaven, my destin'd place!
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

Musician's H Y M N LXIX.

- 1 THOU God of harmony and love,
Whose name transports the saints above,
And lulls the ravish'd spheres,
On thee in feeble strains I call,
And mix my humble voice with all
Thy heav'nly choristers.
- 2 If aught I know the tuneful art,
To captivate an human heart,
The glory, Lord, be thine:
A servant of thy blessed will,
I here devote my utmost skill,
To sound the praise divine.
- 3 With *Tubal's* wretched sons no more
I prostitute my sacred pow'r,
To please the fiends beneath,
To modulate the wanton lay,
Or smooth with music's hand the way
To everlasting death.
- 4 Suffice for this the season past:
I come, great God, to learn at last

The lessons of thy grace ;
Teach me the new, the Gospel-song,
And let my head, my heart, my tongue
Move only to thy praise.

5 Thine own musician, Lord, inspire,
O may I, fill'd with sacred fire,
Repeat the Psalmist's part !
His son and thine reveal in me,
And fill with sacred melody
The fibres of my heart.

6 O might I with thy saints aspire,
The meanest of that dazzling choir,
Who chant thy praise above ;
Mixt with the bright musician band,
May I in holy raptures stand,
And sing the song of love !

7 What extacy of bliss is there !
While all the angelic concert share,
And drink the floating joys !
What more than extasy, when all
Struck to the golden pavement fall
At Jesus' glorious voice.

8 O might I die that awe to prove !
That prostrate awe which dares not move
Before the great Three One.
To shout by turns the bursting joy,
And all eternity employ
In songs around thy throne,

I N D E X.

	Hymn
A LAS and did my Saviour bleed	28
Awake our souls away our fears	35

B

Beloved Saviour! faithful friend	1
Before Jehovah's awful throne	6
Behold the Saviour of mankind	26
Blow ye the trumpet blow	38

C

Come let us join our chearful songs	2
Come thou fount of ev'ry blessing	9
Come, Holy Spirit, come	17
Come, weary souls with sins distressed	47
Come let us ascend	63
Come ye that love the Lord	40

F

From all that dwell below the skies	5
Father how wide thy glory shines	10
Father of our dying Lord	15
For ever here my rest shall be	24
From Salem's gate advancing slow	29
Flow fast my tears the cause is great	49
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost	61

G

Grateful notes and numbers bring	7
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I N D E X.

	Hymn
Glory be to God on high - - -	8
Guide us O thou great Jehovah -	18
Granted is the Saviour's prayer -	32
God moves in a mysterious way -	42

H

Holy Lamb who thee receive - -	19
How sad our state by nature is -	21
Hark, the herald angels sing - -	25
He dies, the friend of sinners dies -	30
He comes, he comes, the judge severe	34
Ho! every one that thirsts draw nigh	37
Happy soul that free from harms -	52
Hark! in the wilderness a cry -	64
How do thy mercies close me round	65

I

Jesu, thou art our king - - -	16
Jesu, lover of my soul - - -	20
Jesu, Redeemer, Saviour, Lord -	50
I'll praise my Saviour while I've breath	56
Jesus at thy command - - -	68

L

Lo! he comes with clouds descending	33
Lord of the worlds above - - -	58
Light of those whose dreary dwelling	59
Love divine, all love excelling -	60

M

My Saviour, thou didst shed - - -	48
My God, the spring of all my joys	53

I N D E X.

Hymn		Hymn
	N	
8	Now begin the heav'nly theme -	12
18	Now to the Lamb, that once was slain	45
32		
42	O	
	O come, thou wounded Lamb of God	22
	Our Lord is risen from the dead -	31
19	O thou that hear'st when sinners cry -	41
21	O Love divine, how sweet thou art -	44
25		
30	P	
34	Praise the Lord, who reigns above -	55
37		
52	R	
64	Rejoice, the Lord is King -	14
65	Rise my soul, and stretch thy wings	36
	S	
16	Salvation! O the joyful sound -	13
20	Sinners obey the gospel word -	39
50	Sweet is the work, O God our King	54
56	Source of light and pow'r divine -	66
68		
	T	
33	To God, the only wise -	3
58	The God of Abraham praise -	4
59	To our Redeemer's glorious name -	11
60	There is a fountain fill'd with blood	23
48	Thou hidden love of God -	43
53	There is a land of pure delight -	62
	Thou God of pow'r and God of Love	67

I N D E X.

	Hymn
Thou God of harmony and love	- 69
W	
When I survey the wond'rous cross	- 27
When darkness long has veil'd my mind	51
We give immortal praise	- 57
Y	
Ye wretched hungry, starving poor	46

F I N I S.

8 DE59

Hymn

69

27

51

57

46